



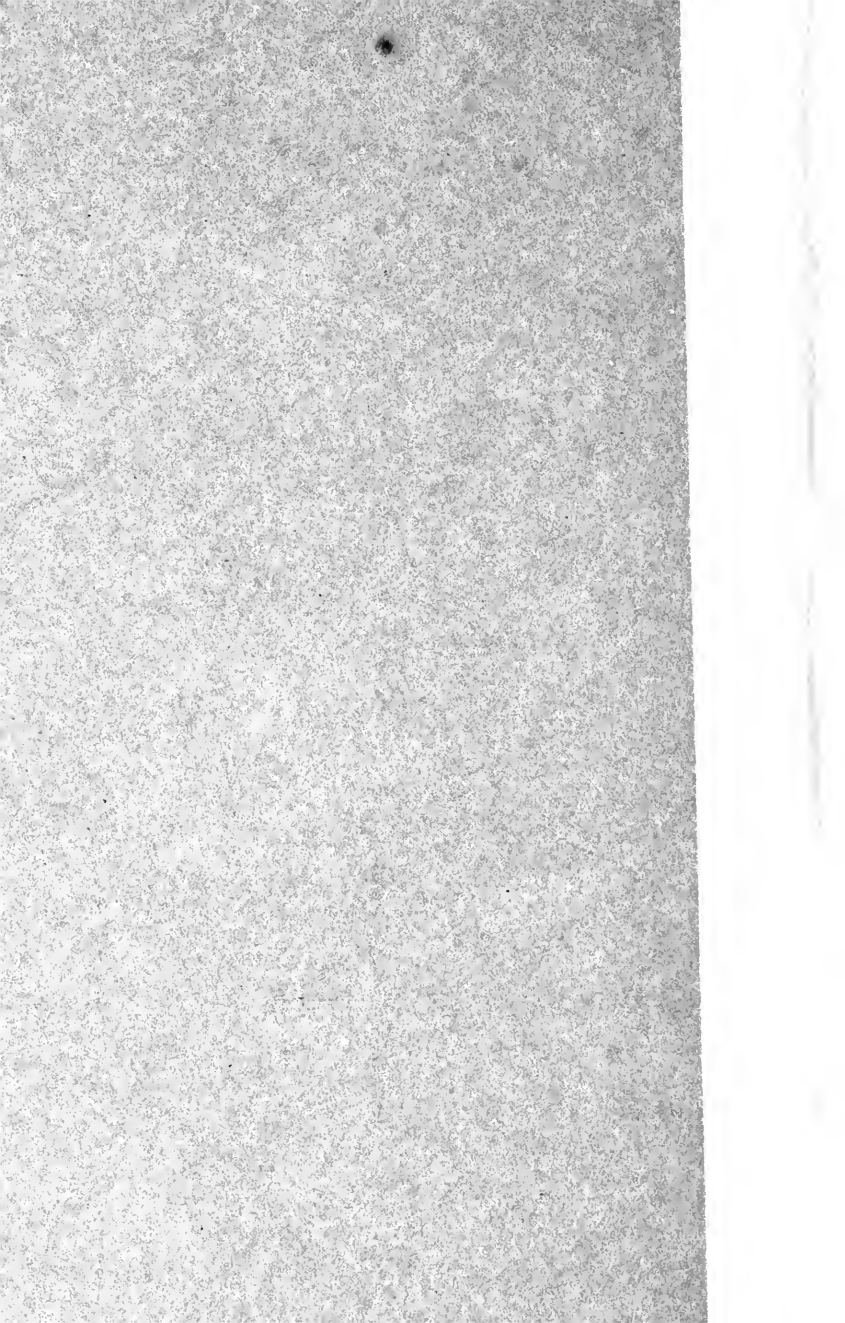
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Comical Country Cousin

Price, 25 cents



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BOSTON

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BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

The Comical Country Cousins

A Humorous, Patriotic Entertainment
in One Act

By

LIEUT. BEALE CORMACK

*Author of "The American Stage," "Aaron Slick
from Punkin Crick," etc.*

Illustrated by Walter H. Baker

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1921

7-5515
A51-58

The Comical Country Cousins

CHARACTERS

AUNT OPHELIA, *the boss.*
COUSIN SUKEY, *from Sidecomb Corners.*
COUSIN MOLLIE, *who kin pian like sixty.*
COUSIN DELIA, *from Doughnut Crossing.*
COUSIN SARAH, *looking for a man.*
COUSIN JANE, *who's got city ways.*
COUSIN CECELIA, *from Skinnyapolis.*
COUSIN SAMANTHY, *purt' nigh eighty.*
SIS HOPKINS, *smitten with Bilious.*
COUSIN MERINDY, *who sings like a bird.*
MA'Y JINNIE, *a hefty "cullud" lady.*
TOPSY, *a li'l pickaninny.*

SCENE.—Any platform.



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JAN -7 1921

SUGGESTIONS

AUNT OPHELIA.—This is the leading part and should be played by a lady with a good speaking voice. Plain old-time costume adorned with many lodge badges.

SUKEY.—Old style costume trimmed with gaudy artificial flowers and bunches of colored ribbons and lace.

MOLLIE.—Old time evening dress, large fan.

DELIA and SARAH.—Funny old-maidish costumes, hair dressed in an exaggerated fashion.

JANE and CECILIA.—First costumes, old style dresses and bonnets. Second costumes, long calico dresses, white aprons in front and in back. White kerchiefs crossed in front and behind, so that the girls present exactly the same appearance going and coming. White cotton gloves. Each girl wears two false faces, exactly alike, one over the face and one on back of head. These faces are separated by a large, stiff white frill that stands straight up and runs from ear to ear. These costumes should be worn at rehearsals to get the right effect.

SAMANTHY.—Very old lady in black. White hair. Cane, spectacles.

SIS.—First costume, striped stockings, boy's shoes, calico dress, red bandana handkerchief folded in square and pinned to front of dress with safety pin. Hair wired out in pigtails sticking out from head. Second costume, man's army overcoat and army hat. She carries a large flag.

MERINDY.—Neat, old style costume.

MA'Y JINNIE.—Padded to look very fat. Dark skirt; red calico waist, soiled apron, basket on arm, gaudy hood covering head, ears and neck. Choose an actress who can give the negro dialect well. To make up, have the face dry then take a bit of prepared cork the size of a walnut and blacken the face, using a little water on the cork. Leave a white line around the mouth. Use no grease or cold cream and no red paint. This make-up is easy to remove with soap and water. Black gloves.

TOPSY.—Short tattered dress and old torn sunbonnet. Black up like Ma'y Jinnie. Black gloves.



The Comical Country Cousins

SCENE.—*A platform with eleven chairs arranged in a semicircle facing the audience. Piano and stool dozen R. Screen at the L. side of the platform where the performers may change their costumes. No curtains are necessary. A telephone stands on the piano; this may be a fake instrument but the green cord, etc., should give the proper illusion.*

(MA'Y JINNIE and TOPSY are concealed behind the screen at L., the other characters are concealed in the rear of the audience-room. When the play is ready to start a concealed clock strikes eight loudly. On its last stroke AUNT OPHELIA calls out loudly.)

AUNT OPHELIA. Are you all ready?

OTHERS. Sure we are.

AUNT. Then let her go.

(All sing loudly to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic," page 63, *The Golden Book*.)

OPENING SONG

(By Concealed Chorus.)

Everybody's ready, let the festival begin,
Folks are waitin' anxiously to see their kith and kin,
All the Country Cousins from the hills are comin' in,
As we go marching on.
Come along with Aunt Ophelia,
Sukey, Mollie and Cecelia,
Sarah, Jane and little Delia,
We're all a-marching on.

Country Cousins from the east and cousins from the
 west,
 Comic Country Cousins, they're the ones you like the
 best,
 Some are dressed in city clothes and some are coun-
 try dressed,
 But all are marching on.
 Come along with Aunt Ophelia,
 Sukey, Mollie and Cecelia,
 Sarah, Jane and little Delia,
 We're all a-marching on.

(AUNT OPHELIA and SUKEY appear at the rear of the audience-room and slowly start down the aisle toward the platform.)

AUNT (*looking around*). Well, well, Sukey, we got a pretty good crowd out to-night. Shouldn't be surprised if we wouldn't make quite a little sum of money. See anybody you know?

SUKEY (*points to some one in the audience*). There's ———. (*Calling the person by correct name.*)

AUNT. Where? I don't see her.

SUKEY. Right there, and I do declare if she ain't got on a new dress.

AUNT (*recognizing her*). Howdy, ———. Glad to see you out to-night. How're all the folks over your way? My, how them children of yours do grow. You're looking right spry, too. (*Recognizes a man.*) Howdy, Mr. ———. I certainly am surprised to see you here. I heerd you was down sick fer the past two weeks with the toothache, or sump'm.

(*They advance toward the platform.*)

SUKEY. Laws, if there ain't ———. Good-evening, Mrs. ———. I been aimin' to come over and see you fer the past three months to bring back that dress I borrowed off'n you to go to ———'s party. But it seems like I never git no time to go nowheres, me bein' so busy

entertainin' the public. (*Turns.*) And there's the preacher.

AUNT. Why, so it is. Good-evening, Brother ———. We're certainly proud to see you here at our entertainment. We want you to make yourself right at home and laugh right out loud jest like you was settin' down to a chicken dinner.

SUKEY. Yes, and you want to clap your hands, too, if you like our performance.

AUNT. That's right. Clap right out loud, too. 'Cause all the rest of the folks will be waitin' to see how you act before they start to clap themselves. They ain't real sure it's proper.

SUKEY. Oh, there's Mary. For the land sakes! She's got a beau. (*By this time they are at the platform.*)

AUNT. Wait till I see if they've got the piano in tune. (*Sits at piano and sings.*) Do, mi, sol, do. (*Plays these notes.*) Yes, it's pretty good. Sit right down there, Cousin Sukey, while I speak to 'em and interduce ourselves.

SUKEY (*sits in third chair from R.*). Cut it short, Aunt Ophelia. Folks is beginnin' to fidget already.

AUNT (*comes to front center and addresses the audience*). Ladies and gals, sisters and fellow-women, females in ginerol (*pauses and glances sharply around*), and them human insects you got with you, referring to the men. Now I ain't got no use fer the men, seeing as how one of 'em promised to marry me oncet and then changed his mind, but you are welcome here to-night—one and all, great and small, and ef you don't have a good time and enjoy yourselves it won't be our fault, but jist your own stubborn dispositions. In behalf of the Comical Country Cousins I bid you welcome. We'll do our best to please and fully expect you to do your part by laughing with us, applauding our efforts and having a good time in ginerol. You're goin' to have before your astonished gaze this evening the grandest aggregation of superabundant talent that ever aggregated in your midst. We've come to enlighten you, to edify you, to eddicate you and to demoralize you, one and all. The Comical Coun-

try Cousins have appeared before all the crowned heads of Africky and half the bald heads of Ameriky. I notice we've got a few of the latter present with us to-night. (*MOLLIE appears at the rear of the audience-room.*) If you will all scrunch your necks a little bit and look back there by the door you'll see advancing down the aisle, like a lily bud blown along by the April breeze, Cousin Mollie McGinty, our musical prodigy. (*MOLLIE comes down the aisle.*) She's jest as full of music as a cat is full of fur; she pians and organs all day long and folks say she makes music all night in her sleep. In fact she's one of the most talented music-makers that ever caused the neighbors to send fer the police to stop the racket. (*MOLLIE ascends the platform.*) Cousin Mollie was eddicated on the piano when she was only three years old. Allow me to present our little musical masterpiece to you; this is Cousin Mollie McGinty. (*MOLLIE curtsseys to the ground first to the audience and then to AUNT.*) She will now demonstrate her ability as a pianner. Of course if the organ was workin' she'd play on that, as she organs like a queen, but she kin piann jist as good as she kin organ. Now any one in the audience will kindly call out the name of any selection that was ever writ and Cousin Mollie will perform it. Come now, speak up, any one at all. Call out a piece and she will play it as it never was played before.

(If any one calls out a selection MOLLIE plays it if she can, making mistakes, playing now and then with only one finger, etc., but with all the gesticulation of a Paderewski. If MOLLIE does not know the selection called for, she plays any simple tune, such as "Turkey in the Straw" or "Home Sweet Home." If no selection is called for, have one of the cousins in the rear call out the name of a piece, but give the audience time to call one of their own. The selection played should be very short. While MOLLIE is playing AUNT sits on the sixth chair from the R.—the middle chair.)

SUKEY (*comes dozen c. at end of playing*). Now

wasn't that superb? The selection you just heard was Cousin Mollie's example of the She's-a-nut-sky School. Now as an example of the Katch-a-koff-sky School she will flavor you with Shovel-o-whisky's celebrated etude, Ish Ga Bibble in B Flat A Major, his last composition before he was executed for cruelty to animals.

(Resumes her seat while MOLLIE curtseys low and plays the same piece as before. During the playing SUKEY and AUNT keep time with their feet.)

AUNT (*comes forward*). Our next number presents four of our famous cousins all at once. Prepare yourselves for a dazzling array of beauty such as was never seen before in this country or anywhere else. Cousin Sarah, Cousin Delia, Cousin Jane and Cousin Cecelia, the million-dollar beauties. Mollie, kindly render on the piano The Maiden's Prayer, soft and trimbly, as the cousins advance.

(MOLLIE plays the Wedding March, "Here Comes the Bride," as the COUSINS DELIA, SARAH, JANE and CECELIA slowly walk down the aisle, arms clasped on breasts and heads bowed. They ascend the platform, march to the front and curtsey to the ground. The music changes to "Try, Try Again," page 5, The Golden Book, as the four cousins sing slowly and plaintively to the audience. They gesticulate in unison and prolong the vowel sounds in the song. This song is simply a take-off and cannot be exaggerated too much.)

POOR OLD MAIDS

Here we be all sad and lorn, poor old maids,
Wish we never had been born, poor old maids,
Standin' up here in a row,
Watchin' fellers come and go,
Nary one will be our beau, poor old maids.

Dressed in yaller, pink and blue, poor old maids,
 We can boil and bake and stew, poor old maids.
 Oh, you cutie, over there, (*Point.*)
 That boy with the fuzzy hair—
 Do you want a wife, so fair? Poor old maids.

Each would like to be a bride, poor old maids!
 With a bridegroom by her side, poor old maids.
 Some gals want a dress and fan,
 Some an auto spick and span,
 All we want's a man, *man*, MAN! Poor old maids.

Folks all say we are a fright, poor old maids.
 No one ever hugs us tight, poor old maids.
 Alas, we don't know what to do,
 We're gittin' old, most forty-two,
 And we can't help it, boo, hoo, hoo! Poor old
 maids!

(*All weep loudly and sit down, DELIA and SARAH in the fourth and fifth chairs from R., JANE and CECILIA in the seventh and eighth. If an encore is demanded they repeat the last two stanzas.*)

SUKEY (*comes forward*). Now you're goin' to get a real treat. Here comes Cousin Samanthy. (*SAMANTHY comes down the aisle.*) Samanthy's purt' nigh eighty years old, but she's jist as spry as a young kitten. Ain't you, Samanthy?

SAMANTHY (*half-way down the aisle*). You bet I be.

SUKEY. She comes from —— (*name some near-by town*), but you'd never guess it to look at her. Sometimes she appears almost as intelligent as a human being. Here, I'll help you up on the platform. (*Helps her up.*) Ladies and men, this is old Cousin Samanthy.

(*SUKEY takes her seat.*)

SAMANTHY (*comes to front of platform*). Howdy, folks. I swan to gracious I come purty nigh not gittin' here. I been to the old settler's meetin' over in the grove, and it like to done me up. I'll tell ye about the

OLD SETTLER'S MEETIN'

Been to the old settler's meetin'!
And of all the reg'lar beatin'
Times I think it beat 'em holler.
Like to bust my new lace collar
Into flinters—I jest laffed
Tell I thought I'd go plum daft.
Who was there? Now ast me that—
Tell you who *wa'n't* there right spat!
Ever one I ever knowed
Come by the load, down every road.
I shuck hands and shuck and shuck,
Thought 'at it 'ud be my luck
To shake my hand off, then and there.
County fair was jist nowhere!.

Old Miss Perkins and old Si Crumm,
Jimmy Hanks, of course *he'd* come,
Old Squire Pruitt and his darter,
Mary Brown and Isaac Carter,
All the Jinkses, old Aunt Sue,
Womern, children, all come too;
Amos Talbot jest sailed in
Pullin' the long beard on his chin,
Old Jake Martin, you know how—
Chawin' tobaccer like a muley cow!
Well, I 'ist can't name 'em through,
There was jist a reg'lar sloo
Of the Hubbles, Potters, Skinners,
With their fam'lies and their dinners!
An' them dinners 'ud cure sore eyes:
Yaller leg chickens an' punkin pies—
Dumplins big as a feller's head,
Honey an' old salt-risin' bread.

Right on the platform 'fore our eyes,
Uncle Johnny took the prize
As the oldest settler here,
And he danced a hornpipe theer.

Yessir, and the man kin tell more lies,
 'N any feller any^{te}hur.
 Killed more Injuns, wolves and bars,
 Fit in three, four Injun wars,
 Built first cabin, raised first corn,
 His son Jim first baby born,
 Held first preachin', fought first fight,
 Uncle Johnny's 'ist a *sight*!

You'd a laffed like anything
 'Ist to hear old Aunt Sue sing
 Old-time love-songs fer a prize—
 Good deal smoother'n you'd surmise!
 Make a mess of it I spec',
 Tho I'll try ef it break my neck.

(*Sings.*)

As I was a-walkin' one mornin' in June,
 Fer to view the fair fields an' the medders in bloom,
 I met a fair damsel, she looked like a queen,
 With her costly fine robes and her mantle of green.

That's as near as I kin git,
 Hearin' *her* was funnier yit!
 Then old Uncle Johnny got
 A feller kinda heavy-sot,
 Majors was his name, to play
 Fiddle chunes the resta the day.
 Played old Rye Straw an' Gray Eagle, (*Dances.*)
 Big Piney and Shoot the Beagle.
 All our feet commenced to go,
 Jist as soon as he drawed his bow.

(*Sings.*)

Old Dan Tucker come to town,
 Swingin' the ladies all around,
 First to the right an' then to the left,
 Then to the one that he loved best. (*End dancing.*)

Funny how it makes you feel,
Dancin' that old-fashioned reel—
Wish you coulda seen them folks,
Hoppin' round and crackin' jokes.
Gray old womern an' old men,
Jist as young as they'd iver been,
Never thinkin' of the sun,
Till they noticed it was gone.
And Letishy says to me
As we started hum, says she,
“Honest, honey, didn't it seem,
Old times come jist like a dream,
Old time songs and old time dances,
Old time jokes and old time prances,
Old time friends and old time eatin',
At the old time Settler's Meetin'.”

(She bows and takes her seat, next to CECELIA.)

AUNT (*comes to c.*). The next number on our program (SIS HOPKINS *appears at rear of the auditorium*) is a selection —

SIS. Say, Aunt Ophely, ain't it purt' nigh time fer me to come in?

AUNT. Is that you, Sis?

SIS. Yep, here I be, sassy as a woodchuck an' twicet as handsome. (*Comes down the aisle.*)

AUNT. This little gal is Cousin Sis Hopkins from Skinny-marink Crossroads, down in Toadhunter Holler.

SIS (*skipping to the platform*). That's me, every day in the week an' a coupla times on Sunday.

AUNT. Now step out here, Sis, and act your part and don't cut up no monkey slines. (*Sits at c.*)

SIS (*leans over and speaks confidentially to the audience*). You know I'm the only one in this yere show who's a real actress. I kin sing like a bird and dance like a butterfly and act—(*pauses for a word*) and I kin act like—I kin act like —

SUKEY. A simpleton.

SIS. You hursh up, Cousin Sukey. (*To audience.*)

You know what's the matter with Sukey? She's jellix of me 'cause I'm better-lookin' ner what she is. An' I got a beau, too. Great big fat boy named Bilous Buttonbuster, weighs purt' nigh a hundred an' ninety pounds, an' ivery inch of him is love. Took me in to see the side-show last summer when the circus came to town and I snum ef they didn't try to keep him there to be the fat boy. He's a great big feller, Bilious is, weighs purt' nigh two hundred pounds. He ain't so big up and down-like but I tell you he's a whopper round in the middle. An' ivery inch of him is love. The feller in the cirkis had me sing a song fer him. I told him I'd had my voice brought out by a singing teacher; he said I'd orter send it back an' keep it in cold storage. But the singin' teacher said I had an awful fine voice; she said it was so mellow. I told maw that the teacher said I had a mellow voice, and maw said, "That's right, mellow means rotten." But Bilious jest loves my voice, he says it allers makes him homesick, cause it reminds him of the hogs and things back on his farm. (*Laughs.*) Bilious has got great ideas fer sich a big feller. Oh, he's awful big, weighs purt' nigh two hundred and thirty pounds. (*Pause, then ecstatically.*) An' ivery inch of him is love. Aunt Ophely said I was to sing you-uns a song. It's a real pathetic song; folks allers cries er sump'm when I sing. Sometimes they git so wrought up they git up and go out to relieve their emotions. The song I'm a-goin' to sing is a love song. (*Giggles.*) It's Biliouses favorite. He gits so sentimental when I sing it—and do you know a fat man when he gits sentimental is sump'm awful, and Bilious weighs ivery ounce of two hundred and sixty-six pounds. (*Whispers.*) And ivery inch of him is love. I don't reckon any of you-uns has heerd this song, as it was specially wrote fer me an' no one else ever sung it. I sing it real pathetic in parts; when you see me gittin' pathetic you'll know I'm a-thinkin' of my Bilious. The name of the song is My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean and sometimes whin I git to singin' it I git real seasick, 'cause you kin jest see the ocean and the bonnie an' iverything. Jest imagine the bonnie's name is Bilious and he weighs purt'

nigh three hundred pounds. Cousin Mollie, gimme a chord to make my bow.

(MOLLIE *plays chord*, SIS *boxes*, then *sings nasally and somewhat off the key, but not too much so.*)

MY BONNIE

(Page 43, *The Golden Book.*)

My bonnie lies over the ocean, (*Gesture with R. hand.*)

My bonnie lies over the sea, (*With L. hand.*)

My bonnie lies over the ocean, (*Both hands.*)

Oh bring back my bonnie to me. (*Entreaty.*)

(*Speaks.*) Ain't that sad? I'm expressing the lacerated feelings of a gal whose tender heart has been deserted by her bonnie. (*Sings rapidly.*)

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my bonnie to me, to me!
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

(*Speaks.*) The second spasm is even more pathetic than the first. It's the one that Bilious loves the best. Sometimes the tears come in his eyes when I sing it and he feels emotion throbbin' all through his three hundred pounds. (*Sings.*)

O blow, ye winds, over the ocean, (*Gesture to R.*)

O blow, ye winds, over the sea. (*To L.*)

O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,

And bring back my bonnie to me.

(*Slow.*) Bring back, bring back,

(*Fast.*) Bring back my bonnie to me, to me!

(*Very slow.*) Bring back, bring back,

(*Fast.*) O bring back my bonnie to me.

(*Speaks.*) Bilious took me into town once to a high-toned fashionable dance. First time in my life I'd ever

been to one of them things. I wore a peek-a-boo waist (*pause*) all trimmed with mayonaise down the front. It was a awful toney part, but they shore was skimpy on what they had to eat. Nothin' but two little skinny sandwiches and a coupla green plums. Bilious said they was olivers, tasted like salt mackerel to me. After we et we went into the ballroom. Iverybody was dancin' and some was writin' on little bits of paper who they was to dance with. I danced the first dance with Bilious. He's a lovely dancer, jest like a elephant er sump'm. And he's so big, too. Weighs purt' nigh three hundred and sixty pounds. We danced around a spell and then the music stopped and some fellers come up to ax me to dance. One of 'em says to me, "Sis, is your program full?" I axed him what he said and he said agin, "Is your program full?" I says look yere, you city dude, it takes more'n two skinny sandwiches and a couple of olivers to fill *my* program, an' don't you fergit it.

(Bows and sits in last seat.)

SUKEY (*comes to front*). We will next have a musical treat. Cousin Merindy will now flavor us with a selection.

(MERINDY appears at rear of the room singing some sweet, old-time song as she walks down the aisle. She ascends the platform and finishes the second stanza on the platform. This number should be rendered without any comic effect either by the singer or any of the other actors. If desired MERINDY may give a violin solo instead of a vocal solo. At the end of her number she sits next to SAMANTHY.)

AUNT (*comes to front*). The next number on our program —

(MA'Y JINNIE waddles to c. from behind the screen.)

MA'Y. 'Scuse me, lady, but I's jest had a accident out-

side an' I'd like de loan ob you-all's telephome jes' a minute, please, ma'am.

AUNT. Why certainly. There's the telephone.

(Points to telephone on piano and then goes and sits at c.)

MA'Y *(picks up the receiver as if afraid of it)*. Is dis yere what I talks in? *(SUKEY nods.)* You reckon dey kin hear me?

SUKEY. Of course.

MA'Y *(speaks in the ear-piece)*. Hello, is dat you, Miss Telephome?

SUKEY *(goes to her)*. No, no; hold that to your ear and talk in there.

MA'Y *(laughs)*. Lawsy, lady, is *dat* de way? I never talked in one dese yere contraptions before. I wouldn't be doin' it now, only I's had a accident. Hello, is dat you, Miss Telephome? *(Listens.)* Nawm, I didn't yere what you said. *(Listens.)* Numbah? Say, lady, I don't want to speak to no numbah. I wants to speak to Miss Car'line McTish. *(Pause.)* Huh? Don't you know Miss Car'line McTish? Lawsy, I thought ebry-body in dis yere town knowed Miss Car'line McTish. *(Gestures with her free arm.)* You know she libs down there—you go through de alley back de Methodis' Church an' you turns to yo' left, an' she libs in dat big white house what's settin' back in de cedar trees. Hello, is dat you, Miss Car'line? Yasm, dis is Ma'y Jinnie. Say, Miss Car'line, you know I started to market wif dat old mule, Maud. *(Listens.)* Huh? No'm, not mud, I means dat old mule Maud. *(Spells.)* M-o-d *(pronounces)*, Maud. She's done balked agin. Yas'm, Miss Car'line, she done balked right in front ob de Church. *(Listens.)* Yas'm, we tried dat on her. We twisted her tail. Little travellin' drummer man from Boston—he come 'long an' said de bes' way to start a balkin' mule was to twist her tail. He done it. *(Listens.)* Yas'm, he's powerful hurt, de avalanche has already done come and tooken him down to de horse-pistol. *(Listens.)* Yas'm, we tried dat on her, too.

We tied up one ob her fore-foots. Li'l preacher man, Mefodis' preacher man, he dunno what he's talkin' 'bout—he say ef you tie up a mule's fore-foot she couldn't kick. (*Laughs.*) She fool him—she had two hine ones left. She fotch him one right in de stomach. De police-man's out yere now pourin' ice-water on his haid. (*Listens.*) Yas'm, we tried dat on her, too. We tied a hoss hair round her ear an' drapped some pebbles in it. Big fat man come waddlin' along. Dunno who he was, I done forgotten his entitlements, dey's done slipped my recomembrance. He's de one dat tied de hoss hair round Maud's ear. (*Slight pause.*) Ma'am? No'm, she des' bit a li'l hunk outa his jaw, not a very big piece. I pries dat mule's mouth open and took dat hunka meat out. Doctor's out dere now stickin' it back on. Fat man, he'll git ovah it all right. (*Listens.*) Yas'm, I tole you we tried everything on her. Yas'm, we tried dat too. We started a fire under her. I got some pine kindlin' an' started a fire under Maud and when it gits close to whar she lib, she begin to wiggle herself round disaway. (*Imitates.*) And when dat fire's des' a scorchin' her stomach too much, what you reckon she done done? She des' stepped on 'bout three steps and balked again. Stopped wif de cart right ovah de fire. (*Listens.*) Yas'm, it burnt de cart a li'l bit, burnt de cart a whole lot, yas'm, dat's what I'z tryin' to tell you all de time, burnt de cart plum up, and I wants you to send down another cart right away. No'm, Maud nevah budged. She's standin' right dere now.

Enter TOPSY from behind the screen.

TOPSY. Oh, mammy, mammy!

MA'Y (*replaces the telephone*). What you want, baby?

TOPSY. You know dat ole mule Maud.

MA'Y (*laughs*). Know her? Course I knows her. Didn't I raise her?

TOPSY. She ain't balked no mo'.

MA'Y. How come she ain't?

TOPSY. Doctor man say he kin start her with a si-
ringe.

MA'Y. Wif a what?

TOPSY. He take out a little shiney thing and fill it full ob some kinda medicine. Den he shoot dat thing into Maud.

MA'Y. Shoot her? Is she daid?

TOPSY. Laws, no. She throwed back her years and run three miles down de road 'fore she knowed she'd got started.

MA'Y. Oh, lawsy. Whar's dat doctor man, honey? Whar is he? I got to hab him shoot some ob dat stuff into me.

TOPSY. How come?

MA'Y. I's got to hab him shoot me twice, kase I's jes' naturally bleeed to kotch dat mule.

TOPSY. Mule run into a drug-store window and stopped her own self. Busted de window and all de drug-store bottles. De man come leadin' her back, an' she's des' as ca'm as a li'l baby. She's waitin' for you.

AUNT (*rises*). Before you go, sit down over there (*points to chairs*) and we'll all have a grand minstrel jubilee.

MA'Y (*at R.*). Minstrel show? Lawsy, lady, lead me to it. Dere ain't nuffin' on earth dat I loves more'n a minstrel band. (*Sits at R. in first chair.*)

TOPSY. Me, too. (*Sits next to her.*)

(*Positions: reading from R. as you face the audience, MOLLIE on stool at piano, MA'Y, TOPSY, SUKEY, DELIA, SARAH, AUNT, JANE, CECILIA, SAMANTHY, MERINDY and SIS. Piano starts playing "Dixie" loudly. All characters take musical instruments from their hand-bags or baskets and play the first verse and chorus making as much noise as possible. MA'Y beats a bass drum, if possible, or plays a tambourine, SIS plays rattlebones with clapper attached, TOPSY plays tambourine, SUKEY rattlebones, the other COUSINS play instruments or toy trumpets, rattlers, squawkers, drums, etc., all standing. After a verse and chorus have been played as loudly as possible all rise and sing.*)

DIXIE LAND

(Page 64, *The Golden Book*.)

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dere am not forgotten,
Look away, etc.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, etc.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Old Missus marry Will de Weaver,
William was a gay deceiver,
Look away, etc.
But when he put his arm around her,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away, etc.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Dere's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, etc.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your gravel,
To Dixie Land I's bound to travel,
Look away, etc.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

(*Put as much noise and action in the song as possible, singing it at a very rapid tempo. MA'Y and TOPSY dance at c. Sing the last chorus slower and end with harmonized parts, if possible. At end of number all are standing. JANE and CECILIA go out during the singing behind the screen and prepare for their duet.*)

AUNT (*in the manner of an interlocutor in a minstrel show*). Gentlemen, be seated!

MA'Y (*on her tambourine or drum*). Bing, Bing!

(*All are seated.*)

TOPSY (*to AUNT*). Say, Miss Lady, did you eber hear dat story 'bout de frosted window?

AUNT. No, Topsy, I never heard that one.. What is the story about the frosted window?

TOPSY. Oh, you couldn't see through it.

SIS. Say, Aunt Ophely, I got a joke I wanta ask you. It's one of them con-onions.

AUNT. You mean a conundrum, Sis.

SIS. Yas, but I can't say conundrum, it tickles my tongue. What I want to know is why is the fourth of July?

AUNT. Why is the fourth of July what?

SIS. No what to it. Just why is the fourth of July?

AUNT. How very foolish. There can't be an answer to that. Why is the fourth of July.

SIS. Well, why *is* the fourth of July?

AUNT. What's the answer?

SIS. There ain't to answer at all. I just said "y" is the fourth of July. (*Spells.*) J-u-l-y. The "y" is the fourth of July.

MA'Y (*laughs loudly*). I saw a young lady down on de street yesterday cryin' like her little heart was done broke.

AUNT. Why, what had happened to her?

MA'Y. She'd jes' been in to see a fortune teller. De fortune teller told her dat her father was a hard-workin' man who shoveled coal and tended fires all day long. Den dat young lady started to weep.

AUNT. What made her weep?

MA'Y. Her father had been dead three years, and his occupation kinda worried her.

AUNT. Little Topsy Turnover will now oblige us with a minstrel song entitled ———.

(TOPSY *sings a comedy song.*)

MA'Y. Say, Miss 'Pheely, did you know I gwine to git married agin?

AUNT. Why, no, Ma'y Jinnie, I didn't even know you had an admirer.

MA'Y. Yas'm, I shore has.

AUNT. And who is he, Ma'y Jinnie?

MA'Y. Do you 'member, Miss 'Pheely, dat I attended de funeral ob a friend ob mine about two weeks ago?

AUNT. Yes, I remember.

MA'Y. Well, I'm gwine to marry de corpses husband.

SIS (*rises and stands facing audience; she commences to recite in a sing-song tone bending her knees slightly four times to each line*).

Listen to me and you shall hear,
A story of old most wondrous queer,
Of a family known both far and near
By the funny name of Umha-ha.

(*Keep up knee action.*)

MERINDY (*comes and stands beside her, bending knees with SIS and reciting in sing-song tone*).

Mr. Umha said one day
He thought he'd take the family sleigh
And ride upon the frozen snow,

SAMANTHY (*comes down*).

Mrs. Umha said she'd go,
They took the family, of course,
Including, too, the family horse.

AUNT (*joins the line*).

He was a mule, and a big one too,
You could see his ribs where the hay stuck
through.

SARAH (*comes down*).

There was Tim and Duley Umha-ha,
Rose and Julie Umha-ha,
Lizzie Minnie Umha-ha,
Big fat Jinnie Umha-ha.

DELIA.

Fourteen people in one sleigh,
They started out to spend the day.

SUKEY.

But luck will have it as it will;
When they struck the top of the hill
The hill was slippery and down they flew—
How fast they went they never knew.
The time they made it can't be beat,
The old mule had no use fer his feet.

TOPSY.

He looked like a bird or a ship in sail,
And he flew with his ears and he steered with
his tail.
'Twas a mile to the bottom and the bottom was
mud,
And they all hit the bottom with an awful thud.

*(All in a straight line, facing audience and bending
knees.)*

MA'Y.

Tim and Duley they was crazed,
Rose and Julie they was dazed,
Lizzie Minnie bumped her nose,
Big fat Jinnie, she was froze.

SIS.

Fourteen doctors come from town.

MERINDY.

They buried the mule down under ground.

AUNT.

They gave little Tim a dish of chowder,

SARAH.

They gave fat Jinnie a Seidlitz powder.

DELIA.

They put Mr. Duley away in bed,

SUKEY.

Put a mustard plaster on Jinnie's head.

TOPSY.

But four days later they were well, ha, ha!

MA'Y.

And this is the tale of the Umha-ha!

*(All march to their seats singing, "Auld Lang Syne."
Page 57, The Golden Book.)*

The Umha-ha's all fell down hill,
But still they laughed, Ha, ha!
So let us all be merry still,
Like the funny Umha-ha!

(All seated, except AUNT. AUNT introduces MERINDY, who gives a vocal or violin solo; or a female quartet may render a ballad at this point.)

SIS. I wanta tell you all sump'm. It's about my beau Bilious. You know Bilious Buttonbuster, don't you? Big, fat feller, weighs purt' nigh three hundred and ninety pounds —

AUNT. Sis, you hush up, if you can't talk about nothin' else better than that beau of yours. We're all sick of hearin' about him.

SIS. Jellix!

AUNT *(sniffs)*. Jealous, the idea! I wouldn't marry the best man living.

SIS. You couldn't git Bilious.

AUNT. I wouldn't want him.

SIS. He's a wonderful feller.

AUNT. I wouldn't have him as a gift.

SIS. He's so good-natured.

AUNT. He has to be; he can't run and he's too fat to fight.

SIS. He ain't so awful fat. He's just bone and muscle.

AUNT. Yes, he's bone from the neck up, solid ivory.

SIS. And he weighs purt' nigh four hundred pounds, and ivery inch of him is love.

AUNT. You hush up talkin' about sich foolishness.

SIS. All right. I won't say another word.

AUNT. See that you don't.

SIS. He's an only child, Bilious is.

AUNT. We don't want to hear no more about Bilious.

SIS. He come to serenade me the other night.

AUNT. That's enough.

SIS. He sang "Come, Birdie, Come," and the next morning he got arrested for stealing chickens. Bilious said —

AUNT. The next number on our program ——

SIS. I was goin' to tell you what Bilious said ——

AUNT. If you can't keep still, we'll put you where you can. Samantha, you put Sis Hopkins back of the screen.

SAMANTHY (*goes to SIS*). Come on, child.

(*Leads her to screen.*)

SIS. Everybody picks on me, 'kase I'm so cute, and you're all jellix, 'cause Bilious is my beau. You know him, Cousin Samantha? Great big feller, weighs put' nigh four hundred and forty pounds, and every inch of him is love.

(SAMANTHY *puts her back of screen*. SAMANTHY *resumes her seat.*)

SUKEY (*rises*). Our next number introduces our two famous twins, the Comicalest Country Cousins outa captivity. They each got one of these new-fangled one-button dresses and when they put 'em on they got so twisted lookin' backwards that they never got untwisted, so you'll have to take 'em twist and all. (*Sits.*)

(*Music, "Auld Lang Syne," played rather fast in march time. JANE and CECELIA march in from rear, CECELIA walking backwards. They march to front and nod at audience on a given note, then go through arm calisthenics while the piano plays eight bars. The audience should not suspect the "double" natures of the girls until they turn around. After the calisthenics they sing.*)

We're the Country Cousin Twins,
You can't tell one from t'other;
We act alike and dress alike,
And look jest like our mother.

(*Piano repeats the music of the verse while the two girls step in time. JANE puts her R. foot to R. on first beat corresponding to the word "we're" in the preceding verse. She then draws L. foot to R. and*

on "Cous" puts R. foot to R. again, and draws L. foot to it on "Twins." Repeat the same steps for second line. On third and fourth line work back to original position in the same way. CECELIA does the same steps with her back to the audience. No singing during the stepping. Then JANE sings alone, both gesturing.)

My name is Jane, I'm awful sweet,
 Cecelia is my sister;
 We both have exercised so much
 That each one is a twister.

(Piano repeats music of the verse. On the first two lines the girls bow four times, bending at the waist, JANE bowing to the front, CECELIA to back. On the last two lines they swing around, bringing JANE facing rear and CECELIA front. CECELIA sings.)

We're two sweet girls, as you can see:
 You can't tell how we're going;
 No matter on which side you look,
 We're bound to make a showing.

(Piano repeats music. Girls face each other, clasp right hands and balance forward and back, then twirl—leaving JANE facing front and CECELIA the rear. JANE sings.)

We're looking for two nice young men,
 Speak up, boys, do not falter;
 Just raise your hands if you would like
 To lead us to the altar.

(Piano repeats music. Girls spread skirts and dance forward and back to audience, then around, leaving CECELIA facing front. She sings.)

I'm sure we'd make two charming brides,
 A going or a coming;
 So, wake up, boys, don't be afraid,
 Let's start the music humming.

(*Music repeats as girls do Virginia Reel steps, facing each other. Forward and back, forward and swing, do-see-do, etc. At close JANE faces front and sings.*)

I want a man who's good and true,
I'll please him with my cooking.

CECELIA (*swings round and sings*).

Oh, she can cook, but honest, boys,
I'm much the better looking.

(*Music repeats. JANE kneels, back to audience, CECELIA dances around her. Then both face front and sing.*)

Although we're full of jollity,
I'm sure you boys can tame us;
Now Johnny Sells and Walter Jones,
Come on up here and claim us.

(*Substitute local names for the ones mentioned. JANE and CECELIA resume seats.*)

AUNT. We will close our program by singing "America, the Beautiful."

(*All rise, produce small American flags and sing "America, the Beautiful," page 91, The Golden Book. At the end of the song, SIS enters from behind screen dressed in army overcoat, army hat and carrying large American flag. She poses at c., surrounded by the others. All sing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," page 126, The Golden Book, and march out through the audience and disappear at back of the audience-room.*)

NOTE.—The music and songs called for in the text may be found in *The Golden Book of Favorite Songs*, 25 cts.; for sale by Walter H. Baker Co., 5 Hamilton Place, Boston 9, Mass.

ALLISON MAKES HAY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Theresa Helburn

Seven men, seven women. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Royalty, \$15.00 a performance. Originally produced at The Belmont Theatre, New York, under the title, "Crops and Croppers." Allison, patriotically retiring to the country as a war economy, cultivates the soil and raises, among other things, a husband. A bright and graceful little comedy wonderfully full of charm both in the character of Allison and in the treatment of her little love affair, which is the theme of the piece. The twin of "Cousin Kate" in its simple plan and enormous interest and appeal. Strongly recommended to all amateur organizations for its grace, its perfect taste, its ease of productions and its effectiveness.

Price, 60 cents

CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

MARGOT MARBROOK, 19, *her sister.*

JANEY WIMPOLE, 19, *her sister's friend.*

ANNIE, *her maid.*

PETER WESTON, 53, *almost her guardian.*

ALLISON MARBROOK, 23, *herself.*

ROY PARCHER, 24, *her soldier.*

STETSON, *her first recruit.*

JEAN, 27, *her hired man.*

MRS. BRADLEY, 35, *her last resort.*

DR. TRUESDALE, 34, *her unsuspected ally.*

STEPHEN MARBROOK, 29, *her brother.*

MRS. SPENCER, 51, } *her neighbors.*

MRS. PRAY, 32, }

PETE COBB, *her victim.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Her house in New York.

ACT II.—Her farm.

ACT III.—Her tenant house.

THE COPPER POT

A Play in Two Scenes

By Frances Healey

Eight men, five women. Scene, an Oriental street; costumes, eastern. Plays half an hour. Royalty, \$5.00 a performance. Abdallah, the Generous, borrows of Rasid, the Avaricious, his copper pot for the entertainment of his guests and by a piece of Oriental ingenuity becomes its possessor. A most laughable and ingenious picture of eastern life, cleverly written and lending itself to production either under conditions of great characteristic elaboration or of suggestive simplicity. To be classed with "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." Strongly recommended to Little Theatres in particular and to amateurs in general.

Price, 25 cents

CHRISTMAS DOINGS

A Group of Little Christmas Plays, Entertainments
and Recitations

By Lettie C. Van Derveer

CONTENTS

THE LONELY LITTLE EVERGREEN TREE, 1 male, 10 children.
MIXED BASKETS, 1 male, 3 females.
HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO THE ORPHANS' HOME, 10 males, 12 females.
THE TALENTED DOLLIES, 8 females.
THE CHRISTMAS PICTURE, 5 females.
Twenty-one recitations suited for children of all ages.
Price, 35 cents

EIGHT FAIRY OPERAS

A Collection of Operettas based upon well-known Fairy Tales,
intended for the Entertainment of Children of All Ages

By Laura E. Richards

CONTENTS

CINDERELLA, 1 boy, 4 girls.
BABES IN THE WOOD, 5 boys, 1 girl.
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, 2 boys, 3 girls.
BLUEBEARD, 2 boys, 3 girls.
THE THREE BEARS, 3 boys, 1 girl.
GOOD KING ARTHUR, 4 boys, 3 girls.
PUSS IN BOOTS, 7 boys, 4 girls.
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, 4 boys, 8 girls.

Costumes fanciful ; scenery unimportant ; play about
fifteen minutes each.

Price, 35 cents

EVERYWOMAN

A Modern Morality Play

By Walter Browne

Fifteen males, twenty females. Costumes, fanciful. Scenery, elaborate.
Plays a full evening. The acting version of Henry W. Savage's production of this play. With eight photographic reproductions of scenes in the play as produced. Acting rights in the sole hands of Mr. Savage.

Price, 35 cents

LINE BUSY

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Five male, nineteen female characters, mostly very young people. Scene, an easy interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. Written for high school performance and admirably suited for this purpose. Lorraine Fenwick is conducting a school for girls under the terms of an uncle's will to demonstrate her right to a big legacy left her under conditions. Well, just as some burglars are looting a near-by house, some of her girls, seeing the place open, enter and get mixed up in the trouble. A "jay" detective thoroughly mixes up the beans thus spilled, and an exciting maze of circumstances follows that is full of surprises and fun. A capital piece, well recommended.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

JANICE REECE, *an instructor.*
SNOWBALL, *the maid.*
JEREMIAH STOKES, *the constable.*
LORRAINE FENWICK.
MRS. OLIVE GLEASON-HAMILTON
MARION
ADA
FLOSSIE
STELLA
AGNES
PHYLLIS
MARIE

the juniors.

MAGNOLIA, *her daughter.*
ROSCOE LINDEN.
PARKER HAMILTON.
JACK HUNTLEY.
RICHARD FENWICK.
TRIXIE TREE, *an actress.*
JEAN MORRIS
ANITA SHIRLEY
HELEN BURNS
MURIEL COLLINS
FRANCES ROSE
GLADYS SYMONS

the seniors.

SWIMMIN' POOLS

A Romance in One Act

For Male Characters Only

By Belford Forrest

Five male characters. Scenery, a dark stage; unimportant. Costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. "The Kid" of a trio of hobos encounters the turning point in his life in the person of a young woman and parts with his mates in a scene of great dramatic interest. A high class play for male characters uniting much humor with genuine sentiment. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE HAPPY DAY

A Farce in One Act

By Octavia Roberts

Seven female characters. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays half an hour. Sybil Marlowe, a bride, worried to death by the burden of preparation for a fashionable wedding and on the eve of a quarrel with her fiancé over the strenuous entertainments of her friends, cuts the knot when an impossible country cousin turns up with a demand to serve as bridesmaid, and gets married on the quiet. Very bright and lively and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

TURNING THE TRICK

A Dramatic Comedy in Three Acts

By J. C. McMullen

Six males, five females. Scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening. When Mary Ann Casey takes up shimmy dancing and wants to find her affinity, Patrick simply has to assert himself. Incidentally he is instrumental in unearthing a gang of diamond smugglers who, in the character of "society" people, are a part of Mrs. Casey's fashionable set. Good Irish comedy leads, both male and female, French comedy part, "Bolshevik" adventuress, comedy maid and janitor—all parts good.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

PATRICK CASEY, *a retired contractor.*

MARY ANNE, *his wife.*

MICHAEL, *his son.*

KATHLEEN } *his daughters.*
MAGGIE }

GEORGE DRAKE, *a friend of the family.*

EILEEN, *the maid.*

"HUMPY" STEELE, *the janitor.*

JIM DOUGHERTY, *of the U. S. Treasury Department.*

MADAM ANNA BAIRSKI, *a bolshevik.*

ARMAND FRANCOIS BONI AIME DE LOVIER, *a modiste.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—3:00 P. M., a Monday afternoon in June.

ACT II.—4:00 P. M., Tuesday afternoon.

ACT III.—Midnight, Tuesday.

THE MODERN DRAMA SERIES

THE RED LIGHT OF MARS

or

A Day in the Life of the Devil

A Philosophical Comedy in Three Acts

By George Bronson-Howard

Fifteen males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays a full evening. Acting rights controlled by The John W. Rumsey Co., New York. Price, 75 cents

MOTHER NATURE—PROGRESS

Two Belgian Plays

By Gustave Vanzype

MOTHER NATURE.—A Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, five females. Modern costumes; same scene for all three acts. Plays two hours.

PROGRESS.—A Play in Three Acts. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours.

Price, 75 cents

THE GUEST RETAINER

A Farce in Three Acts

By Carl Webster Pierce

Five males, three females. Scene, a hotel office. Plays two hours. A guest retainer is an imagined employee of a summer hotel whose job it is to keep the lady guests contented and happy. It ought to work fine, but in this case it had some very funny consequences. An aviator, a retired undertaker and some other eccentric characters afford good parts. Its small cast and easy production recommend this piece.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

H. O. TELL } *proprietors of the Hotel Jerskeet.*
T. A. VERNE }
IMA BRAYER.
CASSANDRA MCARTY.
OWEN COFFIN.
RICHARD ARCHIBALD SIMPSON.
BIRDIE LARK, "*The Eaglet.*"
HOPPER.

SYNOPSIS

SCENE. Lobby of the Hotel Jerskeet, somewhere in New Jersey.

ACT I. Morning of July 15.

ACT II. Two weeks later.

ACT III. Morning of August 15.

PLAYS TWO HOURS

O'KEEFE'S CIRCUIT

An Entertainment in One Scene

By Carolyn Draper Gilpatric

Twelve males, eight females or less. Scene, a manager's office. Plays *ad libitum*. A vaudeville manager receives in his office applicants for engagements, who illustrate their talent or lack of it. Colored characters, male and female, Indian, Spanish, "Rube," old-fashioned and various eccentric.

Price, 35 cents

THE OFFICE FORCE

MR. O'KEEFE, *a pompous, showily-dressed man.*

MAGGIE HENNESSY, *the stylish stenographer.*

BILL, *the office boy.*

MOSE and CHARLEY (*colored*) *song and dance.*

MINNEHAHA, *an Indian dancer.*

SPIRITUELLA, *a fake spiritualistic medium.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL, *singing old-fashioned songs.*

DEACON SMALL *and his wife* and RUTH SANDY-KNEE.

A READING OR MONOLOGUE.

CARMENCITA, *who sings in Spanish costume.*

THE HIPPIITY-HOP TWINS, *man and girl in song and dance.*

THE BLOW BROTHERS, *a colored orchestra (burlesque).*

Plays for Junior High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunn	3	4	1 1/2 hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1/2 "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
Class Day	4	3	3/4 "	25c
Chums	3	2	3/4 "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	1/2 "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	3/4 "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 1/2 "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	1/2 "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	3/4 "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	3/4 "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 1/2 "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 1/4 "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 1/2 "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	1/2 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1 1/2 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	3/4 "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 1/4 "	25c
Local and Long Distance	1	6	1/2 "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	1 1/2 "	25c
An Outsider		7	1 1/2 "	25c
Oysters		6	1 1/2 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	1 1/2 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	1/2 "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	1 1/2 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 1/2 "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
Camp Fidelity Girls	11		2 1/2 hrs.	35c	None
Anita's Trial	11		2 "	35c	"
The Farmerette	7		2 "	35c	"
Behind the Scenes	12		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Camp Fire Girls	15		2 "	35c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes	10		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The House in Laurel Lane	6		1 1/2 "	25c	"
Her First Assignment	10		1 "	25c	"
I Grant You Three Wishes	14		1/2 "	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spain	4		1/2 "	35c	\$5.00
Marrying Money	4		1/2 "	25c	None
The Original Two Bits	7		1/2 "	25c	"
The Over-Alls Club	10		1/2 "	25c	"
Leave it to Polly	11		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor	7		1/2 "	25c	"
Mfss Fearless & Co.	10		2 "	35c	"
A Modern Cinderella	16		1 1/2 "	35c	"
Theodore, Jr.	7		1/2 "	25c	"
Rebecca's Triumph	16		2 "	35c	"
Aboard a Slow Train in Mizzoury	8	14	2 1/2 "	35c	"
Twelve Old Maids		15	1 "	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8		1/4 "	25c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		1/2 "	25c	"
The Boy Scouts	20		2 "	35c	"
A Close Shave	6		1/2 "	25c	"
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c	"
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		3/4 "	25c	"
On the Quiet	12		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The People's Money	11		1 3/4 "	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
A Regular Scream	11		4 3/4 "	35c	"
Schmerecase in School	9		1 "	25c	"
The Scoutmaster	10		2 "	35c	"
The Trainps' Convention	17		1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c	"
Wanted—a Pitcher	11		1/2 "	25c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14		2 "	25c	"
Anat Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1 1/4 "	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1 "	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1 "	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1 1/2 "	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number		2 "	35c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	3/4 "	25c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1 "	25c	"
Taking the Census in Bingville	14	8	1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2 "	35c	"
O'Keefe's Circuit	12	8	1 1/2 "	35c	"

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